

The Thanksgiving:

A New PROTESTANT BALLAD.

To an Excellent Italian Tune. 112. 2. 40
28

I.
LET's sing the New M—y's Praise
With Hearts most thankful and glad,
For the S—men of these our Days
Are the wisest that ever we had.

II.
But not to wander too far
In the Maze of their endless Merit;
I'll give you an Instance most rare
Of their Vigilance, Wisdom, and Spirit.

III.
They heard on Queen *Bess's* Birth-day
The Prentices had an Intent
Th' old *Protestant* Gambol to play,
Which *Churchmen*, they thought, should prevent.

IV.
The *Frolick*, it seems, was no less
Than to carry about in Procession
A *Pope* in *Ridiculous* Dress,
And to burn it by way of Diversion.

V.
Besides these turbulent Fo'ke
(Than their Ancestors much more uncivil)
To their Pageant had added the Joke
Of a *Perkin*, and eke of a *Devil*.

VI.
With Cardinals, Jesuits, Fryers,
A Cartload together at least,
Intended to Crown their Bonfires,
A very unfeas'nable Jest.

VII.
For sure there cou'd be no Sense,
When a Peace is coming upon us,
T' affront such a powerful Prince
As the Pope; why it might have undone us.

VIII.
Then if the Most Christian King
Should have taken it ill at our hand,
Such a very unmannerly thing
Might have put the Peace to a stand.

IX.
The *Jacobites* next, to be sure,
Would have ris'n to defend their Master;
And who could have told where a Cure
Could be found for such a Disaster?

X.
Besides it would bear a doubt,
Whether burning the Pope and the Devil
Might not be designed to flout
At *High-Church* and Dr. *Sasber's* will.

XI.
Furthermore in these Days of Sin
'Twas fear'd by Folks that were hearty,
A numerous Mob might have been
Ev'n rais'd for the Dev'l and 's Party.

XII.
'Twas therefore expedient found
To send the Foot-Guards on the Scout,
To search all the Suburbs round,
And find the bold Pageant out.

XIII.
They took it, and, as it was fit,
A Magistrate Wife and Great
The Criminals strait did commit,
That the Law might determine their Fate.

XIV.
Then for Fear of a Rescue by Night,
At which we should all ha' been troubled;
'Twas order'd (and sure that was right)
That the *Guards* shou'd be ev'ry where doubled.

XV.
Besides that no Harm might come nigh us,
The Bands so well Train'd were drawn out,
And as long as those Heroes stand by us
The Devil himself we may rout.

XVI.
What tho' some People did sneer,
And call 'em the Pope's Life-Guard;
They stood to their Arms and their Beer
All Night, and kept Watch and Ward.

XVII.
So God save our Gracious Queen,
And Her Ministers every one.
And he that don't say *Amen*,
Is a Churl, and may let it alone.

XVIII.
The *Hanover* House God preserve,
And blast the Pretender's Hope:
The Protestant Cause let's serve,
And give to the Devil the Pope.